

Synopsis of Preceding Installments.

Miss Molly Randolph, daughter of a rich American, while touring in Europe with her Aunt Mary, decides to go on an automobiling trip through southern France. In a letter to her father she tells how she purchased a motor car from a gorgeous-looking man, who represented it to be the finest maching in the world. A chauffeur named Rattray is engaged, and the car is shipped to France and they start on an extended trip. The motor car behaves badly and breaks down near Parls. Rattray is sent to Parls for a new crank, but deserts the party. An Englishman, Mr. John Winston, who represents himself as a professional chauffeur, is engaged to take Rattray's place. His own motor car, in charge of his chauffeur, is to follow the same route. In a letter to Lord Lane he relates his experiences. At Chambord M. Talleyrand, a Frenchman, with his motor car, joins the party, and "Brown" becomes jealous of his attentions to Miss Randolph. The motor car collapses before reaching Amboise and the party takes refuge in a farm house for the night. Winston goes to Amboise on foot and secures his own car, intending to rent it to Miss Randolph and outwit the Frenchman, who has invited the ladies to continue the journey in his automobile. In a letter to her father Molly Randolph tells of the burning up of her automobile by the Frenchman, and engages Brown's car, thinking it is his master's, and describes the details of their visit to Amboise, Tours and Loches. In a letter to Lord Lane from Blarritz Jack Winston describes the details of the journey from "Brown's" standpoint.

Molly Randolph to Her Father.

Molly Randolph to Her Father. HOTEL GASSION, PAU, December 14. Dear Universal Provider of Love and

If you ever lose all your money and come a nice, gentlemanly cropper in the street called Wall, we might come to Biarritz to live, just you and I. We would have fun!

And we could stop in our pretty little cheap villa all the year round, for one season only waits politely till another is out to step in; it's always gay and fashionable, and yet you needn't be either unless you like. And the sea and sky have more gorgeous color in them than any other sea and sky, and the air has more ozone; and the brown rocks that go running a hippopotamus race out into the beryl-green water are queerer and finer than any other rocks. So you see everything is superlative, even the hotels, and as for a certain confectioner; but he, or rather she, deserves a capital. There are drives and walks and irle shops where I spent my little all; and golf, and petits cheveaux at the casino, where Aunt Mary gambled before she knew strange dances in the streets for money, and play a game called La Pelotte, which is great sport to watch. And you walk by the sea, with its real waves, like ours at home, not little tuppeny-ha'penny ones like those I saw in the English channel; and you look across an opal bay through a creamy haze to a mystic land made entirely of tumbled blue mountains. And then one of the best things about Biarritz is that you're next door to Spain. Ah, that door of Spain! I've knocked and been in through it, but just across the threshold.

The way of it was like this: I'd been up early and out to the golf course for a lesson from the professional; when I came home a little before 11 Brown was waiting. He wanted to know if I wouldn't care to have a peep at Spain, and said that we could easily go there and back by dinner time. Aunt Mary and I were ready in a "jiffy," and so was the car, and we were buzzing away along a beautiful road (though a little "accidentee," as the French say) near the ocean. There were the most levely lights I ever saw on land or sea, over the mountains and the great, un quiet Atlantic; and St. Jean de Luz, which we came to in no time, as it seemed, was another charming little watering place for good many English people do live there all the year round, and whom do you think is one of them? George Gissing. You know how I made you read his books, and you said they seemed so real that you felt you had got into the people's houses by mis-take and ought to say, "Excuse me"? Well, he has come to live in St. Jean de Luz, the all-knowing Brown tells me. His master admires Mr. Gissing very much, so the Honorable John must be a nice and clever

As for history, Brown is an inexhaust-As for history, Brown is an inexhaust the mine. I simply "put in my thumb and pull out a plum." But I forgot—there aren't usually plums in mines, are there, except in the prospectuses? Anyhow, it was Brown who made me realize what tremendously interesting things frontiers are. mendously interesting things frontiers are. That imaginary line, and then—people, language, costumes and customs changing as if a fairy had waved a wand. The fron-tier between France and Spain is a great, wide river—on purpose to give us another bridge. Doesn't the name, "Bidassoa," suggest a broad, flowing current running swiftly to the sea?

This time we would have none of the ridge. It was too much bother paying uty on the car, and having a lot of red tape about getting it back again in an hour or two; so we left Balzac, as I have named it, at the last French town and rowed across, on past the first Spanish town, Irun, to a much older, more picturesque one—Fuenterrabia. A particularly hand-some boatman wanted to row us, but Brown would do it himself, either to show ow well he can manage the oars, or else atman had abnormally long eyelashes, and Brown is rather sick of eye-

toward the mouth of the stream (with a huge, old, ruined castle towering up to mark Fuenterrabia) was quite thrilling. because of the things in history that have happened all around. The estuary runs down to the sea between mountains of wild and awesome shapes. One of them is named after Wellington, because it is supposed to look like his profile lying down, and the other mountains had a chance to see his real profile many times, though I'll bound his enemies never saw his back. He fought among them—both mountains and enemies, and the latter were some of Napoleon's smartest marshals. He took a whole army across the ford in the Bidassoa, attacked Soult and chased him all the way up the mountains to the very summit. soa, attacked soult and chased him all the way up the mountains to the very summit of La Rhune, a great, conical peak high up in the sky. Another thing was the Isle des Faisans, right in the middle of the river, where Philippe and Louis the Fourteenth fixed everything up about Louis' Spanish bride. It's the smallest island you ever saw; you wouldn't think there would be room for a whole King of Spain and a King of France to stand on it at the same

time, much less sign contracts.

When our boat touched Spanish soil on the beach below Fuenterrabia two rather ferocious-looking Spaniards in uncomfortable uniforms were waiting for us. They had the air of demanding "your money or your life;" but after all it was only the extraordinarily high, ugly collars of their over-coats which gave them such a formidable appearance. They were custom-house offi-cers guarding the coast, though how they see over those collars to find out what's going on under their noses I don't know. Brown says that soldiers at Madrid have to dress like that in winter to protect themselves from the terrible icy winds, and as Madrid sets the fashion for everything in Spain, the provincial soldiers have to choke themselves in the same way.

dogs? Well, anyway, I am sure people have bigger and blacker eyes in Spain. Just walking up from the beach to the strange old town, I saw two or three peasant wo-men and children with wonderful eyes, like black velvet with stars shining through—

I couldn't help humming "In Old Madrid" under my breath, and I fancied that the salt-smelling breeze brought the snapping of castanets. The sun was hot; but coolness, and rich, tawny shadows swallowed us up in a silent street, crowded with fantastic, beautifully carved, bright-colored houses, all having balconies, each one more overhanging than the other. Not a soul was to be seen; our footsteps rang on the narrow sidewalk, and it seemed rude of our voices when we talked to wake the sleepy silence out of its afternoon nap. But sud-denly a handsome young man appeared from a side street, and stopping in the middle of the road, vigorously tinkled a musical bell. Immediately the street became alive. Each house door showed a man; women hung over the gally-draped balconies; children ran out and clustered round the bell-ringer. He began to speak very fast in guttural Spanish and we very fast in guttural Spanish, and we couldn't understand a word he said, though Brown has a smattering of the language— enough to get on with in shops and hotels. When he had finished every one laughed. All up and down the street came the sound of laughter; deep, bass laughter from the men; contralto laughter from the women. The handsome bell-ringer laughed too, and then vanished as suddenly as he had come. All the life of the quaint street seemed to fade away with him. Slowly the people took themselves indoors; the balconies were empty; the street silent as in a city of the dead. It was like something on the stage; but I suppose it's just a bit of everyday

life in Fuenterrabia and old, old Spain. We went on up to the castle we had seen from the beach, and I turned my eyes away from the big, ugly round building, like a country panorama-place, for that was the bull ring, and the one thing that makes Spain hateful to me. I didn't want even to Thank you a thousand times for both, which have just been forwarded along the route of this "wild-goose chase," as you call it. Well, if it is one, I don't know who call it. Well, if it is one, I don't know who the goose is, unless Aunt Mary. She is rather like that sometimes, poor dear; but we get on splendidly. Oh, I would get on splendidly with five Aunt Marys (which heaven forbid!), for I'm so happy, Dad! I'm having such a good time—the time of my life, or it would be if you were in it.

If you ever lose all your money and come a nice, gentlemanly cropper in the street called Wall, we might come to Biarritz to live, just you and I. We would have fun! And we could stop in our pretty little cheap now as most castles in Spain, though what's left of its walls is about fifteen feet thick. Still, the glorious view of the sea and mountains from the roof would be worth paying for, and wouldn't need thou-sands of dollars' worth of restoration, like

While we lingered in Fuenterrabla absorbing the atmosphere of old Spain, the time was inconsiderate enough to run away and leave us with only a twisted channel among sandbanks to remember it by. So we took an oddly shaped carriage with a white tasseled awning on it and drove back to Hendaye and our motor car. But the day was a great success, and I congratu-lated Brown, which Aunt Mary said it was and there's fox hunting, which would be lated Brown, which Aunt Mary said it was nice if it weren't for the poor tame fox; silly to do, as it is his business to think of

everything for us.

Now, as you see by the date of my letter, what she was doing, and kept on a long time after she did; and mysterious Basque ritz in a delicious morning's run through a persons with ancestors and costumes more wonderful than anybody else's, who dance mountains. As we got into the town the Lightning Conductor, who was driving, whisked us through a few streets, swooped round a large square, and suddenly stopped the car on a broad terrace with an air as though he said, "There! what do you think of that?" I think I gasped. I know I wanted to by way of saluting what must be one of the most wonderful views in the

We had stopped on a terrace not the least we had stopped on a terrace not the least like a street. At one end was an old gray chateau; then a long line of imposing build-ings, almost too graceful to be hotels, which they really were; a church sending a white, soaring spire into the blue sky; an open shady place, with a statue of Henri Quatre; villas hotels hotels villas in a sparkling line with great trees to cut it and throw blue haze of shadow. That is one side of the terrace. The other is an iron railing, a sudden drop into space, and—the view. Your eyes travel across a park where even in this mid-winter season roses are blooming and date palms are flourishing. Then comes a hurrying river, giving life and music to the landscape; beyond that a wide sweep of hills, with bunches of poplars, and valleys where white villages lie half concealed; and further still, leaping into the sky, the immense line of the Pyrenees, looking today so near and sharply outlined that they seemed to be cut out of card-board. When I was able to speak I told Brown that the very first thing I should do would be to walk to those delectable mountains. "I don't think you could quite manage it, miss," he said, with his quiet smile, "for they are nearly forty miles away." Then we turned round and drove into the courtyard of the hotel, which faces the great view.

It looked tremendously swell, and Aunt Mary and I tried to live up to it by sweep ing haughtily in as if we hadn't collected any of the historic dust of France on our wicked old man, I believe you must have wired or written him a hint. You know you have a weakness for Jimmy, or rather for his family. But I can't go about marrying the sons of all the pretty ladies you Probably there were dozens, for you're as soft-hearted as you are hard-headed, and you can't deny it.

Still. I don't mind confessing that I was rather pleased to see Jimmy, not a bit because he is Jimmy, but because he seemed to bring a breath of homeyness with him, and it is nice to have an old triend turn up in a "far countree" when you've got dust on your hat and the other women who are staring at you haven't. If only the friend doesn't proceed to bore you by insisting on being something more than a friend, which I hope Jimmy is by this time tired of doing. I think I shall rather enjoy the encounter than otherwise. As for any thing else, it doesn't appeal to me that stocks, or that he's got as much money as you have. So now you know, and I hope he does.

Well, we talked a little, and then I found that Aunt Mary was chattering like mad with the Garrisons (one "talks" oneself; other people "chatter;" foreigners "jabber"); so we were all glad to see each other. or said so, which comes to the same thing.
"How's your automobile?" was almost the first thing I asked Jimmy, for the last time I'd seen him it was the pride of his heart. "I suppose," I said, "that, like us, you're making a tour around Europe on

I thought his face changed a little, though don't know why it should. "Oh." said I don't know why it should. "Oh." said he, "I've lent it to my friend, Lord Lane; charming fellow I met last year in Paris. He'll meet me with it a little later. Where are you going after this?" "We're working slowly on to the Riviera."

"Oh. isn't that funny." said Jimmy; "that's where Lord Lane and I are going to meet! At Cannes, or Nice. or Monte Carlo; it isn't quite settled yet which. I suppose you're going to all of them, as you're driv-ing about on a car?"

I said that we expected to, and pointed through the glass door at my automobile, with Brown superintending the hotel servants who were lifting down the luggage. He looked hard at the car and the chauf-feur, as if he envied me both, and I think he had something more to say which he considered important, but I was in a hurry to change and make myself prettier-much

prettier than the Garrison girls.

By the way, they—the Garrisons—suggested that we should sit at a small table with them, where they've already given a place to Jimmy. We accepted the invitation, and now we've just dined together.

My freek was a dream; it's always nice My frock was a dream; it's always nice hemselves in the same way.

It did seem to me that the very air of wear something pretty, as here and at

P, but I would force him into the track of automobilism instead. I don't believe he knows a bit more than I do about it, if as much, now that I've learned such a lot from the Lightning Conductor, and if he takes to boasting I'll just show him.

Now, good-night, my dear old dad. I shall treat myself to a "night cap" draught of mountain air before I go to bed on my believe feeing the Pyrenees. alcony facing the Pyrenees.

MOLLY-WHO-LOVES-ONLY-YOU.
To be continued tomorrow.)

THE POLITICAL ISSUES

TOPICS OF THE REPUBLICAN CAM. PAIGN TEXT BOOK.

Reasons Given for Appealing for the Support of the Voters of the United States.

The leading subjects discussed by the republican campaign text book of 1904, which is about to be issued, are the tariff, prosperity, labor wages and prices, trusts, Panama canal, Cuba and Cuban reciprocity, expansion and its results, the investigations of the postal and land frauds and punishment of offenders, rural free delivery, irrigation, the record of the republican party, and the record of Theodore Roosevelt. "The four great facts," it says, "which

justified the republican party in asking the support of the public in 1900 were: First, that its pledges of 1896 had been redeemed; second, that prosperity had come as a result; third, that developments since 1896 had shown the fallacy of the principles upon which the democracy then appealed for public support, and, fourth, the conditions which had come to other parts of the world and their people as a result of promises fulfilled by the republican party in the United States. These assertions made in the text book of 1900 have been fully justified by the added experiences of another four years. The pledges of 1896 and those made in 1900 have been redeemed. The protective tariff has been restored; the gold standard made permanent; Cuba freed and given independence; the Panama canal assured under the sole ownership and control of the United States; a Department of Commerce and Labor established; rural free delivery given to millions of the agri-cultural community; the laws for the proper regulation of trusts and great corpora-tions strengthened and enforced; prosperity established; commerce developed; labor protected and given ample employment and reward; intelligence, prosperity and good government established in distant islands, and the flag of the United States made the emblem of honor in every part of the world. All of these great accomplish-ments have been the work of the republican party. In each of them it has met the discouragement, the opposition and the hostilities of the democracy. It is upon this additional evidence of the past four years, evidence that the republican party is the party of progress, and the democracy the party of inaction, retardment, and faultfinding, that the republican party again confidently appeals for public support in the presidential and congressional elections of 1904."

Following this introduction the book takes up in consecutive order the tariff, prosperity, trusts and industrial combinations, labor wages and prices, the advance in prices, the money question, the record of Theodore Roosevelt, the Panama canal, Cuba and Cuban reciprocity, expansion and its results, the record of the republican party, the work of the departments under the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations, merchant marine, pension and pension laws, rural free delivery, irrigation, public lands and numerous other subjects

The Country's Prosperity.

Following the tariff chapter is a discusmanufacturing, in wealth and in general prosperity, the growth of savings banks and general bank deposits, the 'ncreased demand for the articles required in manufacturing and enlarged production of the articles manufactured, the increase in agri-cultural products and in prices of farm products, and the value of the factory to the farmer.

The chapter on trusts discusses the legislation enacted for their regulation, the record of the two parties on this subject, the existence of trusts in other countries and especially in those having no protective tariff, the relation of trusts to employment, wages and prices, the enforcement of law for the proper control and regulation of organizations of this character during the various administrations and especially that of President Roosevelt, the inefficiency of state legislation, the efficiency of the national legislation enacted and enforced by the republican party, the Northern Securities case, the work of the Department of Justice and of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and the relation of the trusts to the nomination of the democratic candidate for President.

Every feature of the prospective compaign discussed is considered, and all available information bearing upon these subjects presented in such condensed form as is necessary for a publication of this character. The claim that the protective tariff increases prices is met with facts and figures from the economic history of the United States and other countries, show the inaccuracy of the charge, while the relative prosperity of countries having low and protective tariffs, respectively, is also indicated by official figures.

Wages and Prices.

The chapter on labor, wages and prices is especially interesting and important since it comprises figures from the recent investigation of the bureau of labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor. It indicates, as a result of thorough official investigation, that the advance in wages during the past decade has been greater than the advance in the cost of living, the figures being based upon retall prices, the prices which the public must pay for the articles consumed, while it is also shown that the rate of wages now being paid in the United States is higher than ever have been paid in this or in any other country.

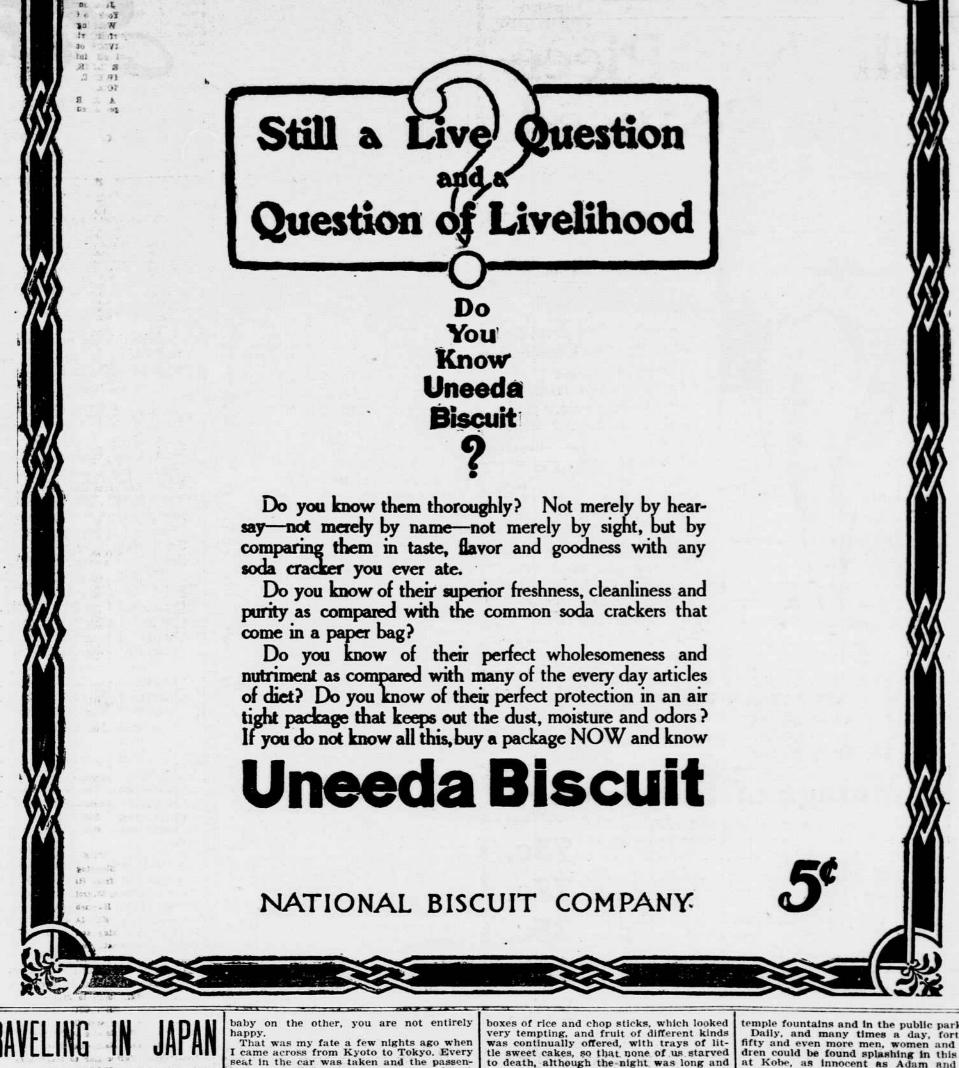
The book also contains a sketch of the life and work of President Roosevelt and of Senator Fairbanks, a discussion of the conditions in the island territories of the United States, the "prosperity which has come to them under our control, the growing commerce between those islands and the United States," etc.; a discussion on the "remarkable success of our diplomacy in the east." a series of chapters on the work of each of the executive departments during the terms of Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt and a chapter on the investigations into the postal frauds

DASTARD ATTEMPT ON LIFE. Home of Coal Company's Official Dyna-

mited. A dispatch from Wheeling, W. Va., last night says: Unknown persons attempted to kill Supt. F. M. Horchler of the Austen Coal and Coke Company and his family by blowing up their residence at Austen, Preston county, with dynamite. The charge was placed on the front porch directly under the room in which the family were sleeping, and but for the fact that the fiends placed the charge squarely between two sills the house would have been demolished. As it was, the explosive tore a large hole through the floor and dug a hole in the ground several feet deep. The ceil-ing overhead was torn away. A small window sash was thrown across the dining

All the members of the family escaped injury except the baby, which was thrown out of bed by the force of the explosion and sustained slight bruises. Chairs and tables were overturned in the room, and even the bed casters were out of place, one of them being found in a bureau drawer

While there is no direct clue to lead to the identity of the persons who placed the dynamite, it is believed to be the work of miners, who have been on a strike since the 1st of January last, when a slump in the price of coal made it necessary for the company, as well as four smaller operators in the Raccoon valley, to make a reduction in wages, which the men refused to accept.



IKAVELING IN

Troop Transportation Causes Discomforts.

TOURISTS VERY SCARCE

WAR CAUSES VISITORS TO STAY AWAY FROM ISLAND.

Curious Spectacle When Train Stops Half an Hour to Let Every One Take a Bath.

By WILLIAM E. CURTIS. Special Correspo dence of The Evening Star and Chicago Record-Herald.

TOKYO, July 15, 1904. The war has ruined the tourist season n Japan. There are very few travelers here this season, the great caravans which usually come to spend the spring and summer months and admire the cherry blossoms and wisteria having been frightened away. The mayors of the seven principal cities, Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki and Nogoya, issued a joint proclamation, and sent it broadcast over Europe and the United States to be published in the newspapers, assuring the traveling public that there is no danger or interruption or excitement, and that visitors to Japan this year will experience no more inconvenience than ever. But it was too late, even if people believed it, and the only tourists to be seen in Japan this summer are on their way home from a winter in India. The hotels are empty; the guides are idle and the curio dealers are very much depressed, although several who were wise in foresight and sent large quantities of goods to the St. Louis exposition have prospered beyond all expectation. The other day one of the prin-cipal dealers in Kyoto showed me a telehis representative announcing that he had sold every article of the lection, which he s posed would last him through the entire six months, and asking that new and increased stocks be shipped to him at once. Similar tidings come from other exhibitors who were wise enough to carry with them large assortments of

The only inconvenience and discomfort experienced by travelers this season are due to the overcrowded trains and the inter-ruption of regular traffic on the railroad made necessary by the transportation of troops. There is only one railway east and west, and all of the men and supplies for Manchuria are sent over that, to be trans-ferred to transports at Moji and other points of rendezvous, and this has called of the other railways throughout Japan also have been busy bringing troops to the points or rendezvous, and this has called for so many locomotive and cars that at least half of the regular trains have been taken off, and those which have been con-tinued have been shortened. All dining and sleeping cars have been taken off the regu-lar trains and put on the military trains for the use of officers, which has been the cause of the greatest discomfort and inconvenience, because there are no eating houses along the Japanese railroads, and nothing but fruit, rice and other native food can be obtained.

Trains Uncomfortably Crowded. The consequence is that the regular trains have been crowded in the most uncomfort-

able manner. Many passengers have to stand for long distances because there are no seats for them, and the night trains are so crowded that sleep is impossible. Usually, even without a sleeping car, a night journey can be made comfortably by rolling up your overcoat for a pillow and stretching out upon one of the long settees which run on both sides of first-class carriages like the seats in our street cars at home. These settees are divided by arms, which can be | When they emptied a pot they threw it and

gers were all Japanese except a tea buyer from Chicago and the Yokohama agent of an American sewing machine company, who proved to be an agreeable companion. We caught a wink of sleep now and then, but the Japanese passengers kept up a con-tinuous chatter, and the train stopped so frequently that the intervals between naps were so long and weary that I had excellent opportunity to study the behavior of Japanese gentlemen while spending a night upon a railway train. I am sure there are many experiences more novel and exciting and it is not one that you would select i you had your choice, but, as it was the only entertainment offered for that particu-lar night, it had to do, and really one may find diversion even under the most dis-agreeable circumstances in studying the manners and habits of his fellow men.

Jap Babies Are Wonders.

The baby was a wonder. Japanese babies always are. They are worthy of all the admiration that has been bestowed upon them, and this little youngster, who could not have been more than three or four years old, was as dignified and quiet and accepted the situation as philosophically as the most experienced passenger. When bedtime came his mother took off the foreign sailor hat he had been wearing, and his foreign shoes and stockings, and put them carefully away in a basket. Then she wrapped him in his little kimona fixed a pillow for his head, and the little chap lay down on the seat and was sound aslee until daylight at least, without a whimper ed his little feet over into my side of the barrier. His mother was a dainty little creature, modest and gentle, and scarcely uttered a word during the entire journey, but she always had her eye on the boy, and when she saw that he was crowding me, would tenderly lift him back to his

The man who had the seat on the other side was not so considerate. He was con-tinually sprawling over territory that didn't belong to him. He had evidently been lin-gering over the sake cup. His head was befuddled, his eyelids were heavy, and he was entirely indifferent to all that occurred. He slept through the night and was the only passenger in the car who enjoyed that blessing. On the other side of him was a dapper little major of artillery in full uniform, with sword and revolvers at his belt, who, hour after hour, sat like a sentinel at his post, as erect and alert as if an enemy were expected to appear at the next station. He never changed his posture except when our sake-soaked companion urched over against him, when he would indignantly hunch up his shoulders and toss him back where he belonged. Ther the sake-soaked gentleman would gradually sprawl over on my side until he be-came a nuisance to be abated. And so the night was spent.

Stops Many; Waits Long.

Occasionally we got out at a station and stretched our legs. We had plenty of opportunities to do so. The stops were many and the waits were long. It takes about twenty hours to run 300 miles on the present schedule. In the middle of the night a fine looking Japanese gentleman lifted a basket out of the rack above his head, removed the cover and disclosed a quantity of delicious looking strawberries, half conof delicious looking strawberries, haif con-cealed by large, cool, green leaves. Re-moving the covering, he passed the basket around the car. Every passenger except the drunken man and the baby, who were still slumbering, accepted the compliment and took one beautiful berry each. As the Japanese did so they rose from their seats, made profound bows to the owner of the berries, drew their breath through their teeth with a whistling sound which denotes respect, and passed the basket along to the next passenger. The Americans contented next passenger. The Americans contented themselves by nodding their heads and offering a word of thanks. Having recovered his basket, about one-third depleted, for there were not more than twenty pas-sengers in the car, the owner produced a little porcelain plate, a tin of condensed cream, a lacquer box of sugar and a pair of chop sticks and proceeded to prepare and eat the residue with deliberate enjoy-At every station through the entire night

boys appeared with trays covered with little pots of tea and earthen cups, which they sold for 10 sen, or 5 cents in our money. native passengers was extraordinary.

to death, although the night was long and We were fully compensated for our fa-

tigue and discomfort as the dawn began to break by having a magnificent series of views of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, which appeared first on one side of the train and then on the other as the track twisted around among the mountains and under a succession of lights, like those thrown upon a ballet dance. Fuji saw the sun long before we did, and its shapely peak, sheathed in snow, gleamed like burnished silver while the villages that slumber on its bosom were still wrapped in sleep and mist. It was a wonderful specta-cle. It is worth a long journey anywhere and at any time to see the sun rise upon a snow-clad mountain—and there is no more beautiful mountain than Fujiyama—so ma-jestic, so stately and symmetrical. We watched the rays of the sun creep silently down the surface of the cone, bathing it first in a purple light, then in a reddish, and in an orange glow, until at last, quite suddenly, the burnished sun, the symbol Japan, appeared over the corner of a ridge of pines and Fujiyama stood out against a cloudless sky as if it had been carved from

Morning Ablutions.

About 6 o'clock there was a curious spectacle. As the train slowed down at a particular station I noticed that all the natives in the car began to overhaul their kits and take out towels and soap, tooth brushes, hair brushes, combs and other toilet articles, and some of them produced clean kimonas. The moment the train stopped they made a break, not only from our car, but from every other, for the large foun-tain and rows of faucets over a trough which ran along the fence that incloses the platform. And such a scrubbing and splash

ing you never saw.

The Japanese, as you have often been told, are children of nature. Their rules of onduct, particularly as to bathing and the exposure of the person, are much broade than ours. You can see more bare skin masculine and feminine, in Japan in a minute than you can see in Chicago in a month and Chicago is not noted for its modesty either. It is simply a matter of education and the people of Japan are gradually con forming to the conventional ideas of pro-priety. There has been a great change in that respect since I was here nine years ago. Then it was a common thing for men and women of all ages to bathe together in the open air, stark naked, without the slightest suspicion of shame or impropriety. They had always done so until the Europeans came and told them that such freeiom was immodest and improper. Nowa days at the hot springs the pools are divided by a partition. The women bathe on one side and the men on the other as a concession to European etiquette, and bath-ing suits are worn at seaside resorts by or-

der of the police authorities.

They tell of one fine old gentleman down at Kamakura, who during his entire life has been in the habit of taking a surf bath every morning in "the altogether," and he always walked back and forth from his house to the beach, quite a distance, wearing nothing but a pair of sandals. When the police issued an order that everybody must wear kimonas while bathing, the old gentlemen, being a loyal and law-abiding citizen, accepted the new regulation in good faith and proceeded to obey it literally. As he left his house in the morning for his bath, wearing nothing but his sandals as usual, he carried a kimona over his arm. When he reached the beach he put it on and wore it as long as he remained in the water. At the end of his bath he took it off, wrung it dry, threw it over his arm and walked solemnly back to his house again. He went through that performance several mornings, until the chief of police advised him that the garment should be worn on his way to the beach as well as in the

Struck by Tidal Wave.

Some years ago a great tidal wave of reform struck of city of Kobe, where for centuries it had been the custom for the ladies and gentlemen of the middle and lower classes to bathe together at the end of their daily labors in a great cement pool that is fed from a group of hot springs in the neighborhood. There is a roof over the oool, supported by columns-something like a pavillion—and benches covered with red blankets are placed around under the trees outside, where the bathers of both sexes re-move and leave their clothing and sit and gossip and drink tea after they come from the water. Long rows of cotton towels, contributed to the public comfort by the

temple fountains and in the public parks. Daily, and many times a day, forty or fifty and even more men, women and children could be found splashing in this pool at Kobe, as innocent as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, without dreaming that they were guilty of an impropriety until the great moral wave I mentioned arrived at Kobe, and reformers began to agitate the question of modesty as und stood in other lands. The officials of Kobe are always progressive, and try to be up to date. Therefore, when it was suggested that men and women should not be allowed to bathe together in that pool, the munici-pal authorities took prompt and summary action. They instructed the police stretch a rope across the center and require that the men folks bathe on one side of it and the women folks on the other. This was a concession to foreign sentiment, and still greater concessions have since been made. A partition about four feet high now divides the pool, although there are cracks between the boards an inch o wide, and plenty of other peekholes. And bamboo curtains have been hung all around

under the eaves of the pavilion to hide the bathers from people passing on the street.

The same unconventionality prevailed at the washing station on the railroad that morning, and the train stopped half an hour so that every passenger could have a chance to wallow in the cold, clear water. And nearly every one availed himself of the privilege. Most of them retained the important portions of their garments. Others-both men and women-stripped to the waist, and then lifted their kimonas and tucked the skirts into their girdles, so that they could bathe their limbs as high as the thighs. Two men, both of them elderly and old-fashloned, removed all their clothing, stood as naked as they were born in the midst. born, in the midst of the crowd upon the platform, and proceeded to take what the French call a "grand basin." Nobody seemed to notice them, although women of all ages passed to and fro and even stood beside them. And they seemed utterly un-conscious of impropriety. It was their common habit to bathe every morning, and they did so wherever an opportunity of-

The Japanese are the cleanest people in the world. They are always bathing and scrubbing. The servants of all households expect to be allowed at least an households expect to be allowed at least an hour each day for bathing, just as they expect to have time for their meals, but I had never seen or heard before of a railway train stopping for half an hour to give its passengers a chance to take a bath. It seemed to be the regular thing, however. The preparations are evidently permanent. At the station where we stopped there are two fountains with enormous basins and troughs stretching along the fence for a distance of a hundred feet or more, with not less than fifty faucets for running

Five Warships With Yacht Fleet.

A dispatch from New London, Conn., last night says: Six score of yachts, 104 of which flew the New York Yacht Club pennant, and all bedecked in nautical finery of many-hued signal flags, with five United States warships, all but choked the entrance to the Thames river today, and, excepting a few hours of rain, made a marine picture of great brilliancy. The day was devoted to visits, among the more important official calls made being that of Commodore Bourne and staff to the commander of each of the warships in the harbor. The Florida Ches-

apeake, Texas, Arkansas and Nevada were visited in succession. There was considerable gossip in the fleet today regarding the correspondence between his majesty Emperor William and the Herreshoffs over the building of an American schooner for the German emperor. It was said that Emperor William's desire to have built a schooner twenty feet longer than the Ingomar, owned by Com-modore Plant, and the possibility of the Herreshoffs being unable to send over a relatively faster yacht, had occasioned correspondence, which is still in

World's Fair Attendance Increases. A dispatch from St. Louis last night says: The admissions last week show an increase over the previous six days, which was the largest total since the opening of the exposition. The increase last week was 65,000, and the world's fair management is much gratified, as each day showed a healthy increase, there being one especially large

The eleventh annual reunion of the 43d Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, "Mosby's men," was held at Berryvile, Va., Fri-Spain was different from across the river in France. It was richer and heavier, like incense. It is nice to have an imagination. Isn't it, instead of having facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string, as if they were leading facts by a string and they were and at the very air of the way, and the cup out of the window, as if the way and the cup out of the window, as if the way and the cup out of the window, as if the way and the cup out of the window, as if the way and the cup out of the window, as if the way and the cup out of the window, as if the cup out of the window, as if the cup out of the window, as if the cup out of the window,